Break Down

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by karinakamichi

Summary

Steven finally breaks down. (Self-harm/Vent)

Disclaimer: I don't own Steven Universe.
Please note that I'm not really that good at writing for Steven Universe, and I've never really wrote for it before, so this probably isn't all that good and is likely OOC. I just needed to let out some frustrations. And the recent episodes of SUF has me really concerned for Steven's emotional wellbeing, so I, uh, just kind of wrote this in a few hours.

…

"I can't take it anymore…!" These were the words uttered beneath the breath of Steven as he stood against the bathroom door, his anxiety skyrocketing and heart pounding in his tightened chest. *He could barely breathe.*

He didn't even know why he had got so upset in the first place. There hadn't even been a legitimate reason for him to feel this *bad*. But it seemed that *everything* bothered him nowadays. Hearing about and seeing the damage his mother had caused was just the *tip* of the iceberg.

He was tired of constantly hurting everybody around him and feeling like not a single person in the world could possibly understand him anymore(even he didn't understand himself anymore!). On top of that, everybody was drifting apart, getting on with their own life. He knew he should be happy for them, but he couldn't help but feel left behind.

Honestly, he didn't even know what he was doing with his own life anymore, so what gave him the right to choose what was best for others' lives?

He didn't want to burden Pearl and the others with his doubts or anxiety, because it would only cause them unnecessary worry. After all, they finally seemed to be starting to move on and getting a grasp on their lives, Pearl had even shape-shifted! Over all, everybody else seemed happier now than they were.

So why was it just him? Why couldn't he seem to find what they had? Every time he thought he'd *started* to get where he wanted to be, life hit him like a ton of bricks and left him feeling more lost than ever on where he was even going with his life, and he was sick of it.

Looking over, a razor by the sink caught his eye, sapping every bit of his attention.

He must have left it out earlier. Without even thinking, he picked it up, lightly tracing a finger over the blades. The stimulation took a bit of the edge off of his anxiety and momentarily distracted him from the lump in his chest. It wasn't until he accidentally drew blood that he realized what he was even doing, hissing in pain. However, right after putting the blade up, instead of kissing the cut, he became entranced by the sight of the blood. Needless to say, crimson had never been a more relaxing color to him before now.

Suddenly, the urge to rip his skin open and draw more blood overpowered his better judgement. He knew that this wasn't a good idea or healthy by any means, but he *needed* it. He needed a *release*, a distraction. And if it got that bad, he could just heal it, right?

With that flimsy reasoning in mind, he found a box cutter blade this time, sitting his arm over the floor of the bathtub. Creating a quick slash into his skin with the tiny metal object, he watched in satisfaction as the blood pour from the wound. As bad as it may have sounded, it actually kind of felt good.

So he did it again.

And again.

He kept *on* doing it to the point that his entire arm was covered in lacerations and he began to feel dizzy.

And even then he didn't want to stop.

The only reason he did was because there was a knock and Pearl's voice brought him to his senses. "Steven? Are you okay? You've been in there for quite a while."

Steven jumped, his heart skipping a beat as realization dawned on him. How long had it been? Surely, it couldn't have been that long, right? Well, either way, he had to respond.

"Y-yeah. I'll be out in a minute." He hated the way his voice betrayed him, the way it shook when he had spoke. He immediately began to panic. What if Pearl decided to come in? How would he explain the blood caked on the surface of the bathtub? There was no way he could possibly clean up both the bathtub and his arm in time. Had Garnet suspected something? How was he only just *now* thinking about this?

"Are you sure?" Pearl asked with obvious discomfort. "If you're not feeling well, I'm sure we could-"

"No, I'm totally fine, Pearl. Don't worry about it."

"Well, alri-"

"Steven, open this door!" Garnet's panicked voice suddenly filled the air as she banged on the locked door. It was no surprise she saw something with her future vision, because honestly, Steven didn't want to stop.

"Garnet? What's wrong?" Pearl asked, concerned.

"He's hurting himself! We have to get him out of there!" Garnet shouted.

"Oh my stars!" Pearl gasped in realization. "Steven, just hold on. We should talk about this!"

These were frankly the two worst people he could have had confront him right now.

"Look, guys, I already told you I'm fine, so just drop it!" Steven insisted exasperated. Of course, Garnet wasn't easily fooled.

"Steven, I know things that things have been very hard for you lately, but this isn't the answer…!"

“It’s not?” Something inside of Steven snapped after that. “Well then, tell me what *is! This is the only thing I have control over!*”

Slash.

“…Please, you have to-!” Pearl started to plea when Garnet interrupted her.

“Forget it, Pearl… He’s not going to listen to us anymore… I didn’t want to have to do this, but it looks like I have no choice.” Within an instant, she busted the door in, revealing Steven at the bathtub, his arm covered in blood.

Tears welled up in both of their eyes as they rushed to his side.

“Steven… Look at me…” Steven made no attempt to stop Garnet from reaching out and taking the tiny deadly weapon out of his hand, but nor did he look up at her. He felt worse than ever right now, making them both worry like this.

“*Steven*…” Garnet pressured with that tone of hers that he could never bring himself to reject. Finally, he looked up at them, with a pain-filled and guilty expression.

“…Now…” Garnet started in a soothing voice, softly grabbing his fidgeting hands. “Can you tell us why you were cutting yourself?”

“I-I don’t know… I was just really stressed at the moment and it just sort of happened. It was the only thing I could think to do… I didn’t mean to- I don’t know what I was thinking… I’m sorry… I-”

“Hey,” Garnet said. “There’s no reason to apologize. You did nothing wrong. You were just dealing with things in the only way you knew how.”

“That’s right…” Pearl added. “But, Steven, just because you’re growing up, doesn’t mean you have to shoulder everything by yourself.”

“But you guys already have enough to worry about. I didn’t want to bother you.” Steven said.

“Don’t be silly. Your problems are our problems.” Garnet insisted.

“And that’s the problem!” Steven snapped. “Anymore, all I’m ever doing is causing problems for everybody around me and hurting the people I care about most, even when others are finally starting to move on and be happy. This is something I should be able to figure out by myself. But I can’t. Everybody keeps expecting answers from me, *I* keep expecting answers from me, but I feel so lost. I keep telling everybody that I’m just Steven, but I don’t even know who that is anymore!”

“And that’s completely alright, Steven.” Garnet started to reassure him, but Steven couldn’t bring himself to really listen.

“No, it’s not!” He retorted. “Everybody else knows what they’re doing, everybody else is moving on with their lives, but nothing feels right to me anymore. I don’t want to eat the foods I used to, I don’t want to play the games I used to, I’m now even drifting apart from all

of my friends! And worst of all, I keep reminding myself of my mom and I just… can't stand it anymore… Sometimes, I feel like it would just be better for everybody if I weren't around anymore…"

Both Pearl and Garnet exchanged brief glances with each other before Pearl decided to take the initiative to speak this time. "Steven, this kind of thing takes time. It's taken me thousands of years to get where I am now, and I'm still trying to get my life in order. The same applies to Lapis, Amethyst and even Garnet. Some of your friends may have already decided on something they want to do with their life, but nobody is expecting you to do the same right away. There's nothing wrong with going at your own pace, and sometimes that's all you *can* do."

"That's right… And the same goes with the thing about Rose." Garnet added. "You may have her diamond, but you are your own person. While it's true that finding out who that person *is* is just something else that will take you time to discover, the only one rushing you is you."

Steven was quiet for a while. He didn't exactly feel happy, but knowing that Pearl and Garnet were here for him somehow reassured him a bit. "You know, I think I feel I little bit better now. Even though I haven't changed anything, talking about it has helped some. Thanks, guys."

"Don't mention it." Garnet said.

"Well, if you ever need us in the future, you know where to find us." Pearl replied awkwardly, trying to look away from the wounds on his arm.

"Yeah…" Steven said in a low voice, but he felt like came out too weak.

"…Still, this is all my fault…" Pearl murmured. "I should have noticed that you were feeling bad…"

"You're wrong, if anybody should feel responsible, it should be me… I'm the one with the future vision…" Garnet said.

"What? No, this… isn't either of your faults…!" Steven insisted weakly, his vision becoming blurry. "I was the one who acted recklessly, so don't… blame yourself…"

"Steven...!" Garnet asked in panic, when he fell into her arms, passing out. "Oh, no, he's lost too much blood…!"

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A/N: This will be a two-part but I don't know when I'll next update so forgive me… Then again, I doubt this will interest very many people.

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